

## I Think You're My Wife by elandhop

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M, Fluffy, Jopper, hopper forgets who joyce is, hopper loves his joy joy, jopper forever, joyce just thinks this whole situation is hilarious

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers

**Relationships:** Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

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**Summary:**

Waking up from anesthesia has never been so fun...

or,

A certain Chief of Police may or may not wake up after having his Wisdom teeth extracted and immediately start flirting with a very pretty "nurse" who (spoiler alert!) is not a nurse.

# I Think You're My Wife

## Author's Note:

- For [evendanstevens](#).

Prompt from evendanstevens

"hopper has to have surgery of some kind and is too drugged up afterwards to remember Joyce and starts hitting on her"

His eyes snap open, and he has no clue where he is. Everything's spinning, and he thinks he hears the angels up in Heaven calling to him because he can't keep his god damn eyes open without wanting to slip back into unconscious bliss.

"Try and keep your eyes open, Hop" the nurse says, gripping his right hand and rubbing her fingers over his knuckles. He opens one eye and notices the IV. He decides he wants this thing off.

"And don't talk! I know it's hard." He pulls his head away from her. Maybe she'll go away... he's dying right? but.... shit she's beautiful. Her hair is brown and eyes are wide with concern. Her eyes follow each and every movement he makes.

He tries to huff and puff but his mouth isn't really working right now with all the gauze inside of it. What the hell is this stuff for?

"Why are you holding my hand?" he asks the nurse. He yanks it away immediately, but then feels bad.

"Shhhhhhhh, Hopper."

She really does look familiar, like someone he used to know, but he can't put his finger on it. What he can put his finger on is the damn IV, and he tries to pull it out. The only progress he makes is the formation of haphazard pinches on his skin.

"No, no, Hop!" the woman covers his hand with his own, and man, does that feel nice.

"You have to keep that in." She pats his hand gently.

"The doctor will take it out when its time". With her other hand, she pushes hair away from his damp forehead, and then he says:

"I'm going to get my Wisdom teeth removed soon."

The nurse's mouth is in a small "o" and if he didn't know any better he'd think it was...

"You're just waking up, hon... it'll be okay. Your teeth were just taken out. It only took thirty minutes and the kids are at home waiting for us. We'll go home soon, don't worry. You can sleep and eat soft foods and tonight we'll all watch a movie on the couch or something. You're off duty for the rest of the week, Chief."

Home? Kids? He thinks he might share a house and kids with this woman, which is the most magnificent thing he's ever heard in his life. She's still talking, and damn her voice is soothing.

"You're pretty" he says absentmindedly, giving up on the IV, and rubbing his eyes so he can see her better.

"Shhhhhh"

"Actually...more than pretty.... Beautiful," and with that his eyes droop closed but she's calling his name over and over.

"Sweetheart, you have to try to stay awake." She sits on the side of his bed and it dips the tiniest bit, making his head spin.

"Betcha you have a husband," he grumbles.

The nurse laughs and he doesn't know why, but he thinks he would like to hear her laugh every day of the rest of his life. He looks up at her expectedly and she answers his question.

"I do. He's a great guy, and a great Dad too."

"Oh yeah?" Hopper challenges. "If you're my nurse, why aren't you wearing any scrubs?"

"He's the best. He's kind, and smart, and hardworking".

She's doing that thing where she runs her hands through his hair again and he wonders if the nurse's husband will get mad at him... . when she says

"He also seems a bit confused at the moment, because I for one am not a nurse"

Shit. She's not a nurse.

His eyes are the wide now, and he swears he will not fall back asleep when it hits him.

"I think you're my wife."

Now she's laughing for real, and gives him a kiss on the cheek. More kisses are pressed to his lips (he thinks, they're kind of numb) and neck.

"Do you know my name?". Her hands fly to her hips instinctively, and she wishes Jonathan was here with that video camera of his to record this.

"Joy Joy?" his face looks puzzled and beat red when he blinks with confusion. "You married me?"

She can't stop giggling which he thinks is great, but he'd like answers, thank – you- very- much.

"Yes. You're Jim Hopper. I'm Joyce Hopper. That's how it worked out."

"I'm one lucky son-of-a-bitch" he mutters, before falling asleep.

Of course, he doesn't remember any of this happening. But, when Joyce recounts their conversation in front of El, Will, and Jonathan on the couch that night, bits and pieces start to come back to him.

"The best part was when you couldn't believe I married you" Joyce brags after the kids have gone to bed, and they're lying on the couch. His mouth is throbbing, but he's clearly more alert than before.

"Oh Joycie-Joy-Joy. I am one lucky man". She holds the frozen bag

of peas to his swelled up face with a cloth as he winces at the contact.

“I’m sorry it’s cold, baby”. She strokes his cheek with her other hand, and places a soft kiss to his swollen lips.

“Wait...who are you?” he asks facetiously and she burst out into giggles again.

“I don’t know... but... I think you’re my husband?”